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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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"DAY AND NIGHT."

A swift and ever-moving tireless loom
A never-ending garment softly weaves
As silent as the forest's mold-damp leaves.
Now Day, now Night, in alternating room—
A line of gold in life's day-busy thrum,
Of black in death's still counterfeit—relieves
The other. Warp and woof it e'er receives
From lives of men and nations as they come
And go, to Time's great Ocean of the Past
From his more boundless sea Eternity.
Thus to the eye of knowledge, moving fast
In ceaseless cycles and with tireless grasp
On all, Duration's Spirit hastes his task
To "weave for God the web thou seest Him by."

OLIVER S. BROWN.

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FIFTH SESSION.
TO BE HELD IN CONNECTION WITH THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT
OMAHA
OCTOBER 18-23
1898

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS SENDS GREETING

To individuals and organizations interested in the truths of religion, to those anxious to embody the same in character, and who are willing to unite for the advancement of religious unity across the lines of sects and creeds in the interest of love and progress. It invites the presence of all such, either as individuals or through regularly appointed representatives from any society, to attend its Fifth Annual Meeting to be held at Omaha, Neb., October 18-23, 1898, in connection with the Trans-Mississippi International Exposition.

This Congress dates its origin to the memorable gathering of a few ministers who came together in one of the committee rooms in the Art Institute Building in Chicago during the session of the Parliament of Religions in 1893. It was born out of that inspiration. It is a child of that great embodiment of mental hospitality, religious feeling and prophetic outlook. Its four meetings, the first two held in Chicago, the third in Indianapolis and the fourth in Nashville, have all been characterized by this spirit. At each meeting representatives of various organizations, reaching across the lines of races and sects, ignoring the distinction between orthodox and heterodox, have spoken their mind freely concerning the great fundamentals of religious thought, and particularly the pressing duties and the unsolved problems of the present, to the satisfaction and strengthening not only of themselves but of many others.

We want to make the Omaha meeting the noblest yet. In order to do this we need your co-operation. We want your attendance, your counsel and advice so far as practical, and your financial support in proportion as you have been favored. We cannot have a great meeting adequately advertised and properly reported, without money. All money received will be invested in this direction.

The payment of five dollars constitutes one an annual member, twenty-five dollars a life member. The payment of ten dollars or more entitles any society to delegate representation. In all this wide country there are a sufficient number interested if we can reach them, to secure a great success at Omaha. The session will begin on Tuesday evening, continuing in forenoon and evening sessions until over the following Sunday, the afternoons being left open for the study of the great Exposition, social enjoyment and personal exchange. The leading minds of the nation, representatives of the college, the church, the press and the state, will be invited, and with your help will be secured.

All checks should be made payable to Leo Fox, Treasurer, and sent to the General Secretary as below. Friends receiving this call are expected to extend the invitation. Further copies sent to any addresses given.

YOURS IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY,

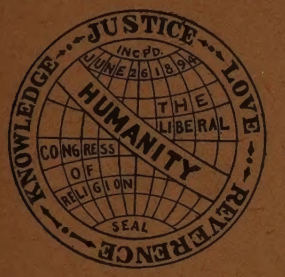
Jenkin Lloyd Jones — *Gen'l Secretary.*

H. W. Thomas — *President.*

3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO,
APRIL 21ST, 1898.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1898. NUMBER 8



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

As I passed where loosely the vine,
The yet leafless vine,
Clung to the wall,
It rustled and shook;
Thrilled to the soul,
Methought I heard it say,
"I live again."

And the light and the fire
Of prophecy passed thro' my heart,
And, almost faint with emotion,
I whispered
Alone to myself,
"I, too, shall live again."

FRANCIS BROOKS.

Prof. Hudson, of Leland Stanford, has edited an edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" as a college text-book. An acquaintance with this book is to be one of the requirements for the next five years in that university. How interesting is this growing interest in this deathless work of the poor homeless Irish wanderer. Why is it? The answer to this question furnishes to our readers a timely editorial which will remain unwritten.

The passing of Dr. Briggs out of the Presbyterian fellowship, where it does not seem that he was much wanted, into the Episcopal fellowship, where he seems to be welcome, but the greater welcome must exist in the unwritten law rather than in the letter of the Episcopal Church. The text of the Episcopalian creeds and claims would seem to be certainly as exacting and commanding as those of Presbyterianism, to say the least. A recent sermon reached our desk, preached by the Rev. T. P. Sawin of the Presbyterian Church of Troy, N. Y. It abounds in historical material which goes to prove the Presbyterian one of the freest of religious organizations; and according to the interpretation of this brother, it would seem as though all radical minds would gravitate Presbyterianward. But the claim of Mr. Sawin is outreached by some recent utterances in regard to the Baptist church. There are Baptist divines prepared to prove that the Baptist Church is always the bodyguard of theological freedom, as well as religious liberty. Indeed, all the sects, instead of boasting of their strict discipline, are growing proud and boastful of their leniency. Whither are we tending? What are the hopeful signs and what the discouraging signs?

In the desire of the Liberal Congress and THE NEW UNITY to become of mutual help to one another, and for the purpose of identifying, so far as possible, their business as well as spiritual interests, it has been their custom for some time to allow a new subscription of five dollars received from either side to cover the annual membership in the Congress and a year's subscription for THE NEW UNITY; but this does not mean, as some of our recent subscribers seem to assume, that old subscribers to THE NEW UNITY can qualify as annual members in the Congress for three dollars. This would inevitably result in killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Any subscriber of THE NEW UNITY, old or new, sending us five dollars, will be credited with an annual membership in the Congress, and be entitled to a copy of THE NEW UNITY for one year, either to his own or another's address, but this does not cover old subscribers unless they want two copies. It will be readily seen that any other arrangement would promptly either starve out the Congress or THE NEW UNITY. On the other hand, any one sending five dollars to the Congress will be credited with an annual membership, and the Congress will pay the publisher of THE NEW UNITY for one year's subscription to that paper if not already a subscriber; but this again contemplates only the addition of new names to the subscription list of THE NEW UNITY, not to relieve the old subscribers the full price of their year's subscription.

We share with all those who knew him the profound sadness over the unexpected and untimely death of Professor Freeman, of Meadville, the news of which did not reach us in time to note in last

week's issue. We yield our editorial space this week to the tribute from the pen of an appreciative pupil. Professor Freeman was not forty-eight years of age, but a man of ripe scholarship and rich in academic honors, having won degrees at the Pennsylvania College (Lutheran), Yale and Harvard universities, and having studied extensively abroad. N. P. Gilman, a fellow-professor at Meadville, in a local paper well says: "Mr. Freeman was an indefatigable student, always bent on extending the boundaries of his knowledge of theology and history in their bearings upon the faith of Israel and other great religions of the world. His friends have been looking forward to a work from his hands which would present the ripe results of many years of his studious devotion to his specialty, but this was not to be, and the memorial which must perpetuate his name is written in the hearts of his admiring students." Mr. Freeman's initials were just beginning to become familiar to the readers of THE NEW UNITY in our Study Table department, as most of the books in his line sent for our editorial notice have, for some time, been referred to him. THE NEW UNITY extends sympathies to his accomplished wife. The student's past, present and prospective, who had in him a friend; the school and community of Meadville, as well as the cause of progressive scholarship, all mourn the departure of a gracious and gentle spirit.

One of the many serious indirect evils of war and rumors of war is the distraction of the public mind and conscience from the near duties and the prosaic responsibilities of citizenship. A Fourth of July display of patriotism, the flashlight and stage thunder manifestations of loyalty, serve as a screen behind which the "corruption" of the boss, the "ward healer," and the disgraces that attend them are carried on with increasing activity. We fear that the war excitement will relieve the consciences of the citizens of Pennsylvania, who are just now awakening to a sense of their tyranny. A recent article in the *Nation* calls attention to some of the utterances of John Wannamaker, who seems to be just now awakening to the fact that his political "party" is not immaculate, and that a man does not do his whole duty when he has voted a straight ticket. To our mind, it is a humiliating confession which the great merchant makes as quoted by the *Nation:* "From my boyhood to this day I have never voted any other than the Republican ticket; neither scratched it nor bolted it." And this is the man who now says: "To-day we find the yoke of King Matthew more unbearable than was the yoke of King George, thrown off one hundred and twenty-two years ago." The *Nation* well says that the yoke of King George would not have been broken "if the colonists had assured the monarch that much as they disliked him, they would submit after 'freeing their minds.'" Spanish rule in Cuba holds no monopoly on treachery, dishonesty, and a high-handed disregard of the people's interests as well as the people's wishes. In trying to right the wrongs of Spain, let us not forget our political humiliations and dangers.

George R. Freeman.

But three words from Meadville, and what a shock! So startling, so unlooked for, so sad! "Professor Freeman dead." Yet the event and its intelligence came in the same quiet and unostentatious way that characterized the life of this simple and noble teacher.

In the presence of such a shock, it is easy to glow into fire heat—to express sentiments and use language that lack nothing save accuracy. But in this instance, neither the heart nor the tongue need the stimulus of such an event. The tongue cannot measure the depth of the heart, nor the lips frame an adequate picture of the mind. To have met him was a charming pleasure; to have known him intimately, a continuing joy and inspiration. His life was a natural illustration that practice is more than precept, and example nobler than direction. All that he thought and taught, squared fairly with what he was and did. The secret of his power lay in the fact that appearance was reality. The sole end of his aiming and striving was to be what he appeared to be—as man and as teacher. On the street, in the lecture-room, at home, or in the chapel, he was the same—natural and simple, quiet and strong. He possessed a remarkable repose that invited attention at once and bred confidence. Advice was never obtruded; but no one ever came into his presence with problem or difficulty that did not receive suggestion or help. If the matter touched upon the insoluble, it was looked upon in every possible light, and then in clear, unmistakable language, the truth of it was stated. Not in any dogmatic fashion, but as a conclusion to be held, but ever revised as new light came. Truth was duty to him, and duty, truth. Many a man, with less study and work, pitched upon some available ground, fortified it, and bent every impulse and energy to hold it against all comers. Not so with him. He had his ground and held it well. But only as an outpost—with a sentinel's wakefulness. To-morrow was a new day, and with it greener country, fresher water, he himself marching upward to the table-lands of human thought and action. I remember an incident that illustrates this firmness of mental grip, yet openness of mind. It shows also his quiet humor. The Old Testament was his forte. After his illness, some three or four years ago, some of us remonstrated against his late hours at work. By canvass it was learned, that night

after night the light streamed through the linden-tree at latest hours. He listened, smiled, and answered: "Yes, these children of mine ('children of Israel') require lots of care; but they need all the light they can get," he added, a slight twinkle of his eye. "They need all the light they can get"—nothing furnishes a better summary of all his purpose. It was a text, and his life a living sermon.

He was essentially a boy's—a young man's—man. Nothing found a more eager acceptance than an invitation to dinner. It was here, on the more private side of life, that his charm came out. It was here that the full "Siegfried"—affection's name from the Niebelungen Lied—appeared. Or to meet him on the street, just back from the postoffice with an armful of books—the latest arrivals from Germany. He would be all smile and joy. "Come up to the study and help me look them over." And up there—well, the visitor did the overlooking, losing sight of books in the comment and conversation.

He enforced no attendance upon his lectures. He may have kept a record, but no one ever saw him note an absence. Yet, I remember overhearing a reproach between two students. One advised the other to "cut," owing to this apparent leniency. "No," replied the other, "I can't afford to abuse his system; he's too good a man"—another characterization which sums him up so well from the student side. His trust was unlimited. Careless, it appeared to an outsider. His books were valuable, covering the entire range of the moral, philosophical, and religious field — historical and critical. They were sought and borrowed. Yet, in none of them had he written name nor put a label. Some one once urged the possibility of loss. "No," he said, "the borrower knows the lender." His trustfulness awoke in others a stronger sense of responsibility.

Another illustration of his hold upon the students was shown in their full attendance upon his chapel service. The day-sleeper, who held his bed up to the moment of the lecture hour, was up betimes when "Freeman" was to lead chapel. Men who habitually loitered on their return from the post-office, hastened their steps, so as to catch the full service. Those who had chores to do away from the building left them until a later hour—"Freeman leads chapel this morning."

His favorite hymns were the ones of broad and deep spirit—Bowring, Johnson, Whittier, Gannett, and Hosmer. His Scripture readings were selections from the prophets—the passages intense with a strong moral-religious spirit. His prayer were remembered and cherished. The language was simple, the sentiments devout. It was the prayer of a man wrestling with the problems of life, seeking only the power to be strong and to help others to that strength. Some one asked him once to write out his prayers. He shook his head, "I should be a poor shorthand man for the spirit." Publication of his own work was urged upon him. Men with less scholarship and ability had earned a respectful hearing. He knew it, but always withdrew from such a proposition. Outside of his reviews in the *New World*, a paper on "Renan" in the *Unitarian*, shortly after Renan's death, and a few other articles that found their way into print by special solicitation, nothing has appeared to the eye of the general public. His friends differed with him on the value of his thinking and writing. If we would only have the prayers that came from him at chapel during the last eight years! But he refused in this as in all other matter. "I have more sensitive paper in the classroom," he said one day. His modesty and reserve limited the expression of his conclusions to the lecture-room. He believed the result would be greater—further reaching. May it be so! His memory, personality and work abide—not on paper, perhaps. He did not wish it there. He looked for it in the hearts and minds of his students and fellow-workers; in the minds of men who would be lead by truth alone, never cloaking conclusions under the false-face of rhetoric; in the hearts of men whose sympathy and work would be in the uplifting of humanity on moral and spiritual principles.

His repose and reserve were symptoms of strength. Beneath all the modesty and reserve was a tenacity and firmness of will. He held on until he conquered. No bad case or forlorn hope ever reached him but what he exerted power and purse to sustain it. He was the first to uphold, the last to give way, while there was the slightest hope. His mental and moral positions were attained through struggle. Educational opportunities came to him comparatively late in life. But he realized in full the opportunity at home and abroad. He was sure of his mental position. It gave him confidence and strength. Out of it was born his great patience and charity in the lecture-room. "I have been there, and know what a struggle it costs," he said.

He was not free-born into the larger faith. It came to him through thought and study. But his liberality did not narrow him. The extremes of religious thought and literature found a place on his table and in his mind. Honesty was the sole handle he required of every weapon and worker in the good against the evil.

He went home to the Father, as it is expressed in the language he loved. We remain on this side of that mansion, beggared by the loss. But not in hope nor work. To us not only the precious hope remains of knowing each other again as we are known, but an increased duty and work,—to preserve his memory and influence through an ever-widening power, which his touch stirred and brought to life. In words, whose sentiment he loved:

"So lass uns weiter gehen
Durch diese Speise Kraft,
Hinauf zum ewigen Hœhen—
Zum Ziel der Wandershaft."

LOUIS H. BUCKSHORN.

The Ethical Word.

"How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!"—Hamlet.

"The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor."—Richard II.

"May he do justice for truth's sake and his conscience."—Henry VIII.

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues."—Richard III.

"My heavy conscience sinks my knee."—Cymbeline.

"If Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary."—Much Ado About Nothing.

"Thy conscience is so possessed with guilt."—The Tempest.

"And he but naked though locked up in steel, whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."—Henry VI.

"This will witness outwardly as strongly as the conscience does within."—Othello.

"I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience."—Henry VIII.

Speaking of conscience, why is it that some people do not have more of it? They need it badly enough! Must we assume that conscience is not yet born in them; or is it dying out? A little of both, perhaps. What was there is dying out, and they never had much to begin with. Conscience is a tender plant. It will depend more on nurture than on nature if it is to survive. Then, too, as for some people, they find their conscience a bore. It is a dangerous thing, this trusting that nature is going to bring it out all right. Nature is a rather poor gardener, especially when choice plants are concerned.

The voice of the people is the voice of God, you say? Alas, for God! I must answer. Surely, "we, the people," are making high pretensions. Can it be that there is as much danger in the modern doctrine of the divine right of the people as there was in the archaic doctrine about the divine right of kings? But, no, you say, we mean "the voice of the *best* people." Is it that, really? And, have you found anybody who does not include himself in that class? Or, do you mean, rather, the voice of the best in *all* people? Then, who shall determine when that voice speaks? The majority, do you say? If so, I think on the whole I should prefer not to be there. You may count me out. It is a comfortable doctrine, and one sweet to the taste, this faith in the compact majority.

And, have I lost my faith in a democracy? Not at all. But, democracy is not Deity; its oracles are not divine. It does not speak by oracles, but by traditions. In its voice you can hear the reverberation of errors not yet outlived, of an ancestry at one time not human, or at one time without a soul. When the new soul speaks, it may be prophetic. But, suppose it is the reverberations of that soulless ancestry you are listening to, and suppose you call those echoes divine? What then?

Do you wish to win the majority over to your side? Try as hard as you please. The effort can do no harm. It always counts. You may carry a little leaven to others; but still more, your own self may become more leavened in the struggle. "But what if we succeed," you say. Then it means that you have gone over to the majority. It has not come over to you. It devolves on you always to *try* to conquer there as if you were going to win, while knowing at heart that you cannot do it. It is by this means that the human race advances. Believe that it is your mission to win over the whole world. But take care lest you come to think that you are doing it. What if *you* are surrendering instead of the world. For one, I am usually happier when with the minority; and I begin to feel uncomfortable if my side wins. It makes me suspicious of myself and my cause. I ought to be so far ahead that my side can *not* win—at least not *now*. Is this pessimistic? Think before you answer. Why is it that people will answer first and think afterwards?

But then, I must take care. There is also another minority—*up on the shelf*. This element takes delight in its small numbers; it never wishes nor tries to win over the majority to its membership. Will the world ever catch up with this other minority? Never; it left them behind long ago. Poor things! Sometimes they even claim a monopoly of God. I wonder what sort of a God they've got, those exclusives. * * * *Spare us, good Lord!*

Yes, the voice of the best in all people *is* the voice of God. Oh, if only He would speak,—or if only those who call themselves the "best" people would not try to speak for Him! I wonder, could that voice be heard, if people would all stop talking. Human nature does talk a great deal. Would something else talk in us if we kept still? It might be worth trying.

Why is it that most persons grow conservative as they grow older? Is it because the soul ossifies like the cartilage of the body? Is it a law of our psychical nature that we *must* grow conservative with the years? Is there a fatality about it? Why cannot we go ahead at two score or three score, with the same bold fearlessness that lead us on when we were twenty?

There is no law, no fatality about it—only a tendency. You may grow conservative because you were never a *true* radical. It was only a fever in your veins, and it burnt itself out when you were

young. It was not a radicalism of the heart or soul. A man may be a radical just because he has nothing at stake. And such persons in their souls are the real conservatives. When they have given their "hostages to fortune" you can always know where to find them.

But what of those others who were the true radicals at heart, and yet have grown conservative? There is no iron necessity about it. No, it is the widening horizon that checks the spirit of mad dash we used to feel. We are climbing a hill with the years, and the outlook becomes even more extensive. Down on the plain it seemed an easy matter to revolutionize everything. And if we struck out wildly and made a mistake, the arena was small to the eye, and we had a sublime faith that the nature of things would take care of the outcome. The youth feels a responsibility only for his ideals or his dreams. The older man feels a responsibility also for his *methods*. If he takes the wrong method, and hurts the ideal he is striving for, then when on the heights he realizes what he has done. We should so like to change everything! If only we had not discovered that after all the fuss and furore the same old institutions come around that we had before—or something still worse. Enthusiasm will not do, all alone. It may work changes, but does not always work advancement. Of all the agonies I can think of, is there any worse than the conflict between a desire to improve the present conditions, and the fear of going ahead lest we may make the conditions worse?

I choose the long cycles. It is still a young world. There is time. This race of ours will always divide itself into two camps—those who work for an end in *sight*, a result near at hand; and those who work for results which they themselves shall never see. Our faith in what a thousand years may bring grows stronger, as our faith in what may come to-morrow grows weaker. Our *hearts* are radical enough. The man who in middle age is as radical in his methods as he was in his youth, is either a fool or a madman—more often a fool. If he is a madman, lock him up! If he is a fool, laugh at him. But the man who has lost his radicalism at heart, and is content with things as they are, is worse than either fool or madman. He is a mummy—bury him!

What a pity it is that some people never seem to be good for anything to the world after getting married! Up to that time a fever of enthusiasm burnt in their veins to be of service to humanity. Marriage comes, and they are heard of no more. Is there any way of knowing when this enthusiasm for service is just a fever in the veins, and when it is of the soul, soul-like?

What a pity it is that people, when they want to accomplish something, often fail because so many schemes are offered and one scheme kills another! Each one has his own method, and of course it is always the "best." It must be this method or none. Will you surrender a cause just because you cannot have *your* way? Then, alas for the cause, and alas for you!

What a pity it is in estimating the value of a man's opinion, we must first ask whether it is to his interest to think that way. If we conclude so, then no power under heaven can make it possible for us to put the same confidence in his utterance. It is a curious fact—can you explain it?—that in judging the worth of an idea, we decide according to our estimate of the man who says it and not according to his logic. "The devil may cite scripture?" Yes, but we do not listen. What does his scripture amount to, if we know he is the "devil?" This is human nature's way of judging, and I doubt if it will ever be otherwise.

By the way, what has become of Father Huntington? The world has need of him and his kind. It is a pity that they should drop out of the world. They could do so much if they would only stay and live with men, and then take their rest when the Great Rest comes. *I pray not that thou shouldst take them from the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.*

If there is anything or anybody that can give us the sweet, noble spirit which, in the old days, went by the name of religion, we should like to have it. And it is all one to us what name it bears. We want the religion that heals the soul and makes men good. We want to live in an atmosphere of men who have this spirit. Otherwise we may all die, because, like Pharaoh, "our hearts are hardened."

"Lo! here," you say, and "Lo! there?" Yes, yes, we answer. But it is not here, nor is it there. We are looking for a man, and not for words. We are not looking for a thing that we can buy. We do not care for a bargain-counter religion.

How is it that the best workers are often the men who do not talk, that the best fighters are often among those who have little to say? Can it be that explosive force exhausts itself in language? Is it possible that just because certain individuals have not the gift of ready speech, they have all the more energy pent up for action? What a mass of steady work comes from persons who never have anything to say! Just try to move against them, to oppose them, and it may seem like striking against a granite wall. If that wall will only talk, just go on talking, you may have some hope that it will crumble. But, alas, for you when it will not speak! Then, I fancy, it is you and not the wall which will have to get out of the way.

Does a man's philosophy control his life, or does his life—the kind of life he leads—control his philosophy? When a man thinks that what he thinks comes of his thinking, may it be that it comes because he does *not* think? Would it not be well for a man to think twice before he talks too much about his life philosophy? When we are voicing these doctrines of ours, how it would stagger us if sometimes we should be conscious of the smile within the inner self of those who are listening. We think they are thinking of our thoughts, when, in reality, they are thinking what it was or what it is that leads us to have those thoughts. And their thinking might not always be complimentary to us. W. L. S.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Alder Bloom.

(*Speckled or Hoary Alder.*)

Oh, delicate, sweet alder bloom,
  I lift my eyes to thee
In wonder at such downy plume
  Upon a leafless tree!

Did winter give thee courage deep
  To trust new spring's release?
Such waking from such "folded sleep,"
  Gives me a gladsome peace.

I love to send thy message dear
  To one whose sunny heart
Came, too, with spring, and lives so near
  The blessed grace thou art.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

The Asian Bookshelf: Shinto.

Rarely is any national religion so treated by a foreign writer that it is left with flesh, blood, and life. There are enough books by missionaries in which the follies and weaknesses of non-Christian beliefs are exposed: there are many cut and dried—very dry—scholarly treatises upon some of the great book religions. One national religion however—Shinto—has been happy, and has found some writers who present it daintily, lovingly.

Truly it is a strange religion and with a strange history. With a cosmogony as vague and inconsistent as any other, with gods and cult of barbarism, it has no ethics and teaches no morals. It is filled with the survivals of primitive Japanese life and culture. It is as complete a development of simple nature worship as is the religion of an American Indian tribe. Developed early, by a quite primitive barbarous race, it slumbered under a coverlet of imported Buddhism for a thousand years. Awakened by the thrilling of a new national life, it is a child of the ancient past with all the quaint features of that long bygone time.

Two writers have recently given us books presenting some of Shinto's quaintest and most peculiar features.* Lafcadio Hearn in his "Glimpses," does not confine his attention to religion. Life, customs, quaint ideas, popular tales, are all gracefully presented. But after all, most of his glimpses are into the religious life. Not only Shinto, but Buddhism, is touched, and touched affectionately. Nought is held up to ridicule: all is dealt with as the natural thought and action of a gifted people. From the mass of interesting matter we can only glance at two matters which show primitive conditions surviving in Shinto—the household shrine and the fire-drill.

In nearly all Izumo dwellings there is a *Kami-dana*, or shelf of the gods. On this is usually placed a small Shinto-shrine (*miya*) containing tablets, bearing the names of the gods, and various *ofuda*, holy texts or charms * * * Very rarely are images to be seen—for primitive Shintoism excluded images rigidly as Jewish or Mohammedan law: * * * very seldom will a mirror be seen or a *gohei* * * * The majority of household *miya* are cheap constructions; * * those little shrines one sees in the houses of the common people cost, as a rule, considerably less than half a *yen*. And elaborate or costly household shrines are contrary to the spirit of true Shinto. The true *miya* should be made of spotless white *hi-noki* wood and put together without nails * * * Before the *miya* are set two quaintly shaped jars for the offerings of *saké;* two small vases to contain sprays of the sacred plant, *sakaki* or offerings of flowers: and a small lamp, shaped like a tiny saucer, where a wick of rush-pith floats in rapeseed oil. Strictly speaking, all these utensils except the flower vases should be made of unglazed red earthenware. All of which is simply survival. The wood is plain no nails are used, the jars are quaintly shaped of unglazed ware because the worship was developed earlier than lacquer, nails, or the more artistic wares. Religion, always conservative, has simply kept alive the practices current when Shinto was organized.

* * * The *Guji* rises and says to me, "Now we will show you the ancient fire-drill of Kitzuki, with which the sacred fire is kindled." * * * I am motioned to one chair, my interpreter to another; and the Guji and his priests take their seats also at the table. Then an attendant sets before me a handsome bronze stand about three feet long on which rests an oblong something carefully wrapped in snow-white cloths. The Guji removes the wrappings and I behold the most primitive form of fire-drill known to exist in the Orient. It is simply a very thick piece of solid white plank, about two and a half feet long, with a line of holes drilled along its upper edge, so that the upper part of each hole breaks through the side of the plank. The sticks which produce the fire, when fixed in the holes and rapidly rubbed between the palms of the hands are made of a lighter kind of white wood: they are about two feet long and as thick as a common lead pencil.

Strange memory of the ancient time! The sacred fire-drill of Kitzuki keeps alive the common daily mode of the old Japanese at the time when they were creating their gods and learning their God-way.

And in "Occult Japan," Percival Lowell opens up an unnoticed phase of Shinto. For though not obtrusive divine possession is an every-day affair in Japan. Gods may be called into one's fellow-man at any time for advice and consultation. The sacred mountain of Ontake is the center of the practice and the spot where Mr. Lowell first saw it. Later he followed it out into detail. Possession is not practiced by all Shintoists but only by two of the ten sects. While originating with Shinto, it has spread into Buddhism, where the Nichiren sect are much addicted to it, and the Shingon and Iendai practice it somewhat.

The ordinary seances take place with eight persons, each with his own duty and place. They may, however, be conducted by as few as two. Portraits of the gods are usually hung up in the place. Elaborate ceremonies of purification of persons and place are performed. A pyre of incense is ignited and bits of written paper are passed through the rising flames: finally each is allowed to catch fire, and its ashes float upward as prayer to the deity. After other preliminaries the chief actor seats himself, with prayer, and takes in the hand the *gohei*, or sacred wand with paper streamers. He then closes his eyes and after a few moments of silence, the *gohei* begins to twitch as if it were a living thing. The man is controlled by its movements and is thrown into convulsions. In the midst of these he becomes rigid. The god has entered into him. The questioner asks which god is present. After learning he proffers his request and gets his oracle. After all is past the subject of possession is shaken or thumped to bring him to himself.

Astonishing as are these possessions and the miracles that can be done by those subject to them the strangest thing connected with them is the training school for children described by Mr. Lowell. We can only present a single quotation:

The school is composed of two classes, a boys' class and a girls' class. * * * The boys' class is held first. The pupils

*GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN.—Lafcadio Hearn. Boston and New York. 1894. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vol. 16o. pp. xii. 342-357.

OCCULT JAPAN; OR, THE WAY OF THE GODS. Percival Lowell. Boston and New York. 1895. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Crown 8o. pp. 379.

begin by taking post in a row at the farther end of the main temple room, while the high priest faces the altar and conducts a service in which the pupils join. Then he seats himself on one side and nods to a boy to come forward. The boy advances, squats in a divine attitude before the altar, and closes his eyes. After some subdued prayer the priest rises, puts the *gohei* wand into the boy's hands, and resuming his seat, plays sweetly on the sacred flute. * * * On advanced pupils the effect is almost instantaneous. The boy goes into convulsions, raises the *gohei* to arm's length above his head, brandishes it maniacally in the air, and while still doing so rises to his feet and proceeds to dance wildly about the room.

Shamanism, pure and simple, of the old barbaric Japanese surviving in the resurrected native religion.

FREDERICK STARR.

Joseph Henry Allen.

A PAPER READ AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, ANN ARBOR, APRIL 10, 1898.

The sudden death of the Rev. Joseph H. Allen, D.D., at Cambridge, Mass., on the 20th of March last, was a great shock to his immediate neighbors and friends at home, while at Ann Arbor and other places in the country where he had labored, and where he was less familiarly known, the sad news revived memories of a charming personality.

Twenty years ago he filled the pulpit of this church for one year, and many of the older members of this society remember well his noble presence, his unpretending and gracious manners, and his splendid discourses, clothed in chaste and simple English, and loaded with striking and original thought. At the time he came to Ann Arbor he had but little knowledge of the West by personal experience, and he came here with some hesitation and reluctance. He feared that he might not satisfy a society which had enjoyed for many years the scholarly preaching of his old friend, Charles H. Brigham, the founder of this society. He went away from Ann Arbor delighted with his experience, and impressed with the importance of the work here; and not very long ago he expressed a hope that he might some day return, and be permitted to come in contact once more with the fresh young minds in our great university, and renew those acquaintances which the passing of twenty years had not effaced. But this hope was not to be realized.

Mr. Allen belonged to what Oliver Wendell Holmes would have called the "Brahmin Caste" of New England. His ancestors on both sides for several generations were distinguished and cultivated people, a remarkable number of them being preachers and graduates of Harvard. No New England man of our generation could boast a more worthy or a nobler ancestry. But pride of ancestry was not one of the characteristics of Mr. Allen. He was too wise to rely upon this as an aid in the great struggle of life, and too modest even to give it mention.

At the time of his death he was recognized as one of the leading scholars of the Unitarian denomination. From his graduation from Harvard, at the age of twenty, to the time of his death, at the age of seventy-eight, his life was one of unceasing literary labor. As pastor of intelligent and influential churches, as private teacher and college professor, as editor of religious journals, as writer, in association with a friend, of Latin text-books, as editor of Latin classics, as author of several historical volumes, mainly upon religious subjects, as writer of innumerable papers and essays for special occasions, his busy life was occupied. To this many-sided labor he brought not only untiring industry, but a mind royally equipped, profound learning free from pedantry, a sound judgment free from prejudice, and a literary style remarkably free from wearisome formalities and empty cant. His last work was an improved translation of some of the historical volumes of Renan, in his "Origins of Christianity." Mr. Allen possessed a critical familiarity with the French language, and his thorough acquaintance with the historical period covered by these works, and his sympathy with the views, in the main, of the great French writer, caused him to enter upon this work of translation and revision with a zeal and enthusiasm which some of his friends believed tended to shorten his days. Mr. Allen never "studied in Germany," a fad or a fashion in this country which is fast becoming ridiculous, but he was familiar with the German language, having a knowledge of it acquired on the banks of the Charles. He knew the writings of the great German thinkers, theologians, and biblical scholars as few men in this country did, and he had an instinctive faculty for separating the grain from their chaff. Among all the German writers, perhaps Ewald made the deepest impression upon his thought.

But Mr. Allen was no man's unquestioning follower. He accepted no man's judgment where he was able to investigate and form a judgment of his own. This habit of mind arose from his remarkable judicial mindedness and his instinctive desire to be absolutely just to all men and their opinions. He was wonderfully free from prejudice. He could see and recognize the good in those who disagreed with him. He could deal justly and impartially with those who felt themselves his enemies. Born and spending most of his days in the land which had not yet wholly escaped from the influence of the teachings of Mather and the "New England Primer," he could yet see divine inspiration in the teachings of Confucius and Buddha, and he recognized in the great founder of Mohammedanism a veritable prophet of God. He could not believe that the sole revelation of the will of the Heavenly Father to His children is confined to a few ancient manuscripts which, not one in a million of those children can read, and about the meaning of which men have been in a deadly quarrel ever since the manuscripts fell into their hands. He saw a revelation of God in the lives of just and upright men and women of all ages and all creeds. He saw marvelous revelations of Deity, as he studied the manifold wonders of the earth beneath his feet by day, and as he gazed upon the indescribable glory of the heavens by night. He scouted, as akin to blasphemy, the shocking thought that God's world is a fallen and ruined world, and that God's children are all fallen and ruined. His God was the God of Jesus—a kind and just Heavenly Father; it was also the God of modern scientific and philosophic thought—an intelligent and self-conscious force, imminent in all things, working unceasingly and everywhere, taking no rest, even on the seventh day.

Mr. Allen believed that progress and history take their character mainly from the actions and thoughts of successive great men, and so his historical writing takes largely the biographical character. This is best illustrated in his book entitled "Hebrew Men and Times." In that work we have a succession of

pictures of the great men of the Hebrew race, from the colossal figure of Moses in the far-away dawn of history, down through the successive centuries, until the nation finally disappears at the overwhelming victory of Titus—pictures which illustrate the onward march of the race, like a panorama, as clear and lifelike to the mind of the reader to-day as that immortal procession of heroes and gods marching around the frieze of the Parthenon must have seemed life-like to the sight of the ancient Athenians. His mind was a vast storehouse of facts and exact knowledge—knowledge always obedient to the summons of his will. He had come to be looked upon as the Nestor of his denomination, and in its public gatherings during these later years no man's person or opinions received greater respect or consideration than his. The knowledge of Mr. Allen was not altogether derived from books; he was a student of man and nature as well. He did not disdain to seek information from the conversation of the rude fisherman by the sea, or the reck less cowboy upon the plains. He was interested in the mechanic arts, and kept himself abreast of the latest discoveries in science. He took a curious interest in agriculture, and he once told me that it required a greater variety of knowledge and more native intellectual ability to make a successful farmer than to gain success in any of the learned professions. While filling the pulpit here in Ann Arbor he desired to visit and inspect one of the noted farms of Michigan, located in a neighboring township. He drove to the place in company with a friend. He noted how the farm was divided into fields, inquired about the rotation of crops, and investigated the arrangement of stables and barns. He noted the crowded clusters of panting sheep with their heads close together and their noses close to the ground, that they might breathe air charged with the sweet fresh smell of the health-giving earth. He took a singular interest in looking at the gentle, fat, mild-eyed cattle, chewing their cuds in silence, and content in the shade of the forest trees; and when we returned to the city on that still, sultry, summer evening, I remember, as we stopped by the roadside, with what curiosity and delight he listened to the faint, weird crackling of the growing corn!

Mr. Allen took a great interest in all public questions. Although pastor for some years of a church in slave-holding Washington, with John C. Calhoun among its worshipers, his heart was with the great anti-slavery leaders. When Charles Sumner was struck down on the floor of the Senate chamber by a South Carolina ruffian, and the "Border Ruffians" of Missouri attempted to force slavery into Kansas, the pulpit of his church at Bangor, one of the most wealthy and influential in the country, could not be kept silent. He suddenly became a "political preacher." It eventually caused the loss of his pulpit and his salary. But this was to him as nothing when set over against obedience to conscience and the cries of freedom and humanity. He once said that the most satisfactory contribution he ever made for missionary purposes, was his contribution to aid in sending a consignment of "Beecher's Bibles" to the belligered free-soil settlers of Kansas,—"Beecher's Bibles," meaning in the parlance of those stirring days trusty rifles and revolvers. The great moral questions growing out of slavery, and the war being settled and settled right, the mind of Mr. Allen returned to the more congenial occupation of literary work and study.

His old age was hale, happy, and beautiful. As his youthful friends, one after another, passed away, new friends, even better loved—his little grandchildren—gathered about his knees. His hair had become white with the frosts of seventy-eight winters, but his mind was as clear, his eye as bright, his heart as fresh and young as on that joyous day when, twenty years of age, he went forth from the halls of Harvard—the Commencement Day of his noble life's work.

Dante tells us in that great poem which closes and crowns the literature of the Middle Ages, how his companions and guide led him to the banks of a beautiful river beyond which, upon a high hill, stood a lordly castle; passing beneath its frowning battlements, and through its sevenfold gates, they beheld spread out before them a glorious valley, clothed with the green verdure of spring, and peopled with the spirits of the unbaptized dead. There were pointed out to him in the midst of the vast throng, and distinct in the unearthly and marvelous light, the strange figure of Socrates, surrounded by his companions and friends,—Plato and Seneca, and all the great poets, philosophers, and thinkers of the ancient world. Mr. Allen was a lover of the ancient classics and a student of the old Italian poet; and may we not imagine that this serene minded scholar of Cambridge, this Christian Stoic, may often have looked forward, with Cicero, to that "thrice happy day" when, released from the burdens and limitations of this mortal life, he could meet and converse, face to face, with the spirits of the illustrious men of past ages, with whose lives and characters he was so familiar in this life, and whose great thoughts had been to him through all his earthly journey such a solace, inspiration and joy?

JUDGE W. D. HARRIMAN.

Which One?

Some day we two will be alone
  Together in some darkened room,
And one of us, with sob and moan,
  Will cry out in the awful gloom,
And beg the other for one word
  With which to ease a heart that breaks;
The other, still and cold, unstirred,
  Will sleep the sleep that never wakes—
    Which one?

Some day, some bitter day to be,
  We two together, hand in hand,
Will wait the changeless mystery
  Whose meaning none can understand;
And one will leave the darkened place
  Bowed with a grief too hard to bear,
The other, with a calm, white face,
  Will know no more earth's pain or care—
    Which one?

Which one, O heart of mine, which one
  Shall venture first the unknown sea?
And which shall stay to grope alone,
  Bereft of all but memory?
O drear, dread day of fear and doubt,
  O parting hour of matchless woe,
When hope's last lingering ray fades out!—
  'Tis well, dear heart, we may not know
    Which one?

—*C. A. Daniell.*

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character.

—*Goethe.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Browning on Knowledge and Feeling.

BY HENRY JUSTIN SMITH.

Having ventured a statement of Browning's dramatic method, we now pass naturally to a statement of that which he has dramatized. We are not required to examine every detail of experience that his splendid imagination has played upon; nor to consider every religious, philosophical, or practical truth he has bodied forth in "Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the Fifty," and the others. There is one great metaphysical problem whose aspects most of these experiences illustrate, and most of these truths bear relation to. The problem is the relation of knowledge to feeling. Its general outlines are dramatized in one great poem of aspiration and attainment; its more minute aspects appear in a whole bevy of shorter poems. In a degree, it pervades the whole book, dramatized. It is not too much to say that the book exists largely for the poetic presentation of one man's solution of this single problem.

THE POET'S THOUGHT, IN A WORD.—Stated as a flat abstraction, Browning's thesis goes into words as follows: The coexistence and coöperation of knowledge and feeling in the constitution of man give man his nearest approach to perfection, and his greatest productive power. The interaction of the two elements is their strength and their life. And of the two, feeling is chief.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF FEELING.—The verity of this thesis appears at the outset of one's inquiry. The first question to be asked is, naturally, what is the nature of knowledge? Browning's answer makes us see that knowledge in the highest is, in fact, a knowledge of feeling. What is the conception advanced over and over in these poems? A grasp upon pure externalities, knowledge is not. A headful of the facts of life, it is not. It strikes down and through, and ceases not till "earth shall yield her secrets up." Knowledge grasps these things, according to Festus, mouthpiece of Robert Browning:

> "—— the secret of the world,
> Of man, and man's true purpose, path, and fate."

When knowledge has this, knowledge is great. Cleon recognizes it, and counsels, "In due time let man critically learn how he lives." He means not a process of rigid introspection, but rather the quest of that same secret,—of man, his purpose, path, and fate. But Festus, temporarily, and Cleon, permanently, fail to state the perfected nature of knowledge. And this perfected nature is no less than a conception of God. This was the ultimate object of Paracelsus' toilsome and ill-directed course. Consider his

> "—— aim's extent,
> Which sought to comprehend the works of God,
> And God himself, and all God's intercourse
> With the human mind."

He sought knowledge in the highest; he sought knowledge "increased beyond the fleshly faculty," as Karshish deemed it,—not transcending so, as we see it. The perfected knowledge, in another man's words, is "heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth." Paracelsus would be that soul. Thus he aspired. And thus Browning indicated the not unattainable end of every knowledge-seeking.

If, then, knowledge finds the secret of the world; knows man now and forever; above all, conceives of God, and his dealings with humanity—then knowledge knows love. For what is this secret but love? And life is love, and God is love, and the meeting-point of human and divine is love. Coming to its perfection, knowledge comprehends infinite feeling. This is the express declaration of Robert Browning.

THE KNOWLEDGE BY FEELING.—The process of knowledge aggrandizes feeling again. In the genesis and advance of the process, feeling is indispensable. A "sacred thirst" stirs the knowledge-seeker, a keen and definable yearning dictated by his sense of poverty. Incentives "from the soul's self" propel him to the tasting of unlimited experience, and the attaining through apprehension of values. What is such a thirst but feeling? How will you describe the incentives, if you deny their emotional tone? The result of the process, and its utility, is another matter. Paracelsus meant to turn his knowledge into power, and having once unloaded his store for humanity's benefit, to exclude man and the love of man from the reckoning. Very well, his project failed, and we are warned. But we are not bidden believe that the first faint stir in his soul, which grew to a fever of aspiration, was other than a type of feeling. It is so with all aspirers, all knowledge-seekers.

Then as the quest proceeds, feeling marks out the path of the pilgrim, directs his vision, determines his attainment. Feeling liberates him from himself, leads him from inner to outer. He comes to combat the notion that

> "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe,
> There is an inmost center in us all
> Where truth abides in fullness."

He concedes the contribution of earth and humanity to his vision of truth. All additions, all aids, are welcome. Led by love, he makes knowledge "not intuition, but the fruit of an enhancing toil;" not a single stride, under a great light from heaven, but a humble process of empirical accumulation. Nor is it a process whose strength is in occult and far-sought lore, whose bone and sinew is "the idle arts"—"Black arts, great works, the secret and sublime, forsooth." Paracelsus came back to Basel; and in his great awakening he saw the richness of elemental things. For every knowledge-seeker, here are the true materials close at hand, in the commonest humanity, in the meanest, earthliest, most obvious truths. Here is nature. Here is man. Here is love. To the truth-seeker, whose eyes are opened by feeling, the conditions for the development of knowledge lie here. As the range broadens, these near things remain fundamental. The learner may never desert his simple human preceptors. Love shows him this, and shows him the way.

THE FEELING-VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.—The value of knowledge resides in its feeling-element. What is it all for, this wilful inquiry into the facts of life, the spiritual currents of life, the process by which life, tending up, "ends the man upward in that dread point of intercourse" with the divine? Well, the need is, for one thing, that the individual know

feeling, and thereby intensify and fructify feeling. Says Cleon:

> "Let him critically learn
> How he lives; and, the more he gets to know
> Of his own life's adaptabilities,
> The more joy-giving will his life become."

It is the wise culture of happiness. But there is a broader value of knowledge, and that is, the defining and establishment of one grand unifying relation between man and man, and between God and man; then, the producing in man a cognizance of this relation. The necessity of such a unifying force, and the means of establishing it is, if I interpret several passages rightly, a frequent object of thought in Browning's poetry. And he gives the agency, if again I see aright, to knowledge; while the relation tself can be nothing other than love. From all of which it is apparent that the chief service of knowledge is in determining the due place of love; and knowledge reaches value according as it so apprehends and establishes feeling.

THE SERVICE OF FEELING TO KNOWLEDGE.—From all this we gain reason for faith in Paracelsus' declaration, mature through trial, that "knowledge strengthened by love" is one side of the true relation. We may state the nature of this "strengthening" in somewhat clearer and more compact form. The service of feeling to knowledge is, first, a service of sustenance. The process of knowledge cannot be self-sustaining, cannot fill itself with life; and Paracelsus discovered, late, that a too implicit reliance upon divine inspiration leaves man on the hither side of attainment. A constant external impetus is a necessity to the "enhancing toil." The power of progress must come from without. Feeling is that power. The incentive "from the soul's self" is the life of the knowledge-process. Love sustains. But it also enriches. The presence of feeling renders the toil of investigation more vital, more human, more spiritual; and it adds a touch of the creative. Feeling binds the learner to humanity, with the result not only of giving him a supremely broad and varicolored conception of life, but of making him a vital creature himself. By his own splendid life, and the knowledge thereof, he steps into a field of experience which no amount of patient, bloodless toil could make his. Through the experience, knowledge becomes illimitable.

THE SERVICE OF KNOWLEDGE TO FEELING.—Sustenance and enrichment being the service of feeling to knowledge, what is the service of the latter to the former? It is, first, a service of interpretation and of definition. When a man "critically learns how he lives," when he gains "the prize of learning love," he not only perceives the nature of love, the processes and phenomena of love, but he apprehends the significance of this force of forces, its relation to the rest of life, its utility; he learns, in the poet's phrase, "the worth of love in man's estate." But further, he conceives the proper bounds of love, gets the true belief in restraint, self-denial, self-direction, comes to know the worth of failure. To him the "love which endures and doubts and is oppressed," the "blind, oft-failing, yet believing love," is a definite thing; he perceives, also, what Emerson calls "the generation of contrasts." In a word, he assigns all feelings to their right channels, defines their exercise. The power to know becomes the constructive critic of the power to love. But there is a service greater than interpretation and definition, and that is, liberation. The adequate and valuable expression of feeling is dependent upon knowledge. What says Paracelsus in his last hour?

> "Love still too straitened in his present means,
> And earnest for new power to set love free."

Concretely applied, this liberation applies directly to artistic creation. The whole bent of the feeling-process is creative. The embodiment of beauty is that toward which feeling instinctively makes struggle. Aprile aspires thus:

> "Every passion sprung from man, conceived by man,
> Would I express and clothe it in its right form,
> Or blend with others struggling in one form,
> Or show repressed by an ungainly form.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> No thought which ever stirred
> A human breast should be untold; all passions,
> All soft emotions, * * *
> And this in language as the need should be,
> Now poured at once forth in a burning flow,
> Now piled up in a grand array of words.
> This done, to perfect and consummate all,
> Even as a luminous haze links star to star,
> I would supply all chasms with music"—

Aprile aspires to all arts. He fails because his share of "eternal, infinite love" is embryonic, chaotic, formless, and this because his knowledge is *nil.* To bring his love out of the inchoate, to communicate, to fashion it forth, he needs the conception of form. Feeling must seek knowledge, or it dies unrecognized and unexpressed. Knowledge must liberate feeling. This is the supreme service of knowledge.

THE PRECEDENCE OF FEELING.—It has already been indirectly shown why Browning gives feeling supreme worth "in man's estate"—"love preceding power, and with more power, always much more love." To crystallize the matter, it should be stated that love's precedence is due not only to its character as the incentive and vitalizer of the knowledge-process, but to its character as the essence of life, the final and perfect attainment of knowledge. "Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity." Feeling is itself that secret of the world which Paracelsus sought. Knowledge cannot by any means project itself into and become life. Its exteriority is fixed. Feeling is the life—"constituting man's self, is what is"—and the life-giver. Therefore it takes precedence over knowledge.

We have been led to the following conclusions: The genetic distinction between knowledge and feeling is that the one is gained from without, the other is inborn and is the self. In the perfect constitution of man the two must co-exist and coöperate. Each makes an indispensable contribution to the other. Feeling supplies the true incentive of knowledge, and ensures its highest ultimate value; yields sustenance and enrichment. Knowledge gives feeling interpretation, definition and liberation. Each is complemented by the other. Each is enriched by the other. Each is all—expressed by the other. And of the two, feeling is the higher, because it is the life, which knowledge liberates. The perfect soul is a compound, in which these two forces exist coöperative, to the benefit of both, and the benefit of the whole.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

—*Victor Hugo.*

The Study Table.

The *Jewish Messenger*, of New York, sings out cheerfully: "There are rifts in the clouds; and the spiritual fog, which too many mistake for profound inspiration, is fast clearing away. Manly preachers and workers in every denomination find the basis for common action broadening. People are beginning to recognize that the kinship of humanity is a real truth, whatever the canons and councils may say. It is because men and women *are* men and women, that they at heart must distrust teaching which would formulate caste and bigotry." We join in the chorus, All hail the glorious day, when bigotry shall be known no more; and a steadily widening humanity shall open the way to universal brotherhood! We believe that the time is coming when one liberty of love shall embrace all the nations of the earth.

The *Review of Reviews* quotes with approval a letter which says, "I wonder if I am mistaken in regarding the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the Nebraska Maximum Rate Law as a more dangerous one than either the Dred Scott decision, or that on the Income Tax. The Supreme Court rules that corporations are persons under the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment. These corporations have now added to them, what must be almost the last privilege they could hope for—that of having all the privileges of personality, but none of the responsibilities. They are persons, in the eyes of our corporation-controlled courts, who can have every possible privilege, but are never to be punished like ordinary persons. The income tax decision seems to me a trifle by the side of this. This is a Dred Scott decision, which says, that white men have no rights that any corporation is bound to respect." If this is the opinion of a first-class jurist, we suspect that it is high time the American people looked into the probabilities ahead, as to a complete sacrifice of our liberties to corporate money power.

We are glad to read in the *North American Review* a capital setting forth of the work done by foreign missions in the way of advancing civilization. Rev. Dr. Clark points out that more geographical work has been undertaken by missionary societies than by all the governments of Europe and America. It was under their patronage that Livingstone, and Moffat, and Stanley, and Baker, and Stewart, did their splendid investigating work in Africa. "In the realm of archæology their contribution to the world's knowledge has been simply incalculable." Under the care of the Protestant missionaries of the world there are almost a million of children under instruction in European languages and knowledge. Besides this, there are colleges and even universities established, such as those at Madras, and Bombay, and Robert College in Constantinople. And it is no idle boast that missionary work has done much to counteract the devilish selfishness of trade. It has counteracted the influence of whisky, and tobacco, and licentiousness. It is no argument at all to say that the dollars spent on foreign missions have converted very few to Christian creeds.

The April *Atlantic* lies before us. This magazine was started as a representative of advanced thought in politics, religion, and literature. It has gone back to its old *pou sto*. There is, in fact, no longer any reason for the existence in Boston of any other magazine to discuss the more radical questions of the day. The present number of the *Atlantic* gives us an article of great value on "Railway Legislation," by Henry C. Adams. Any one who has read Mr. Adams's "History of the United States," under Jefferson and Madison, will know that every line that he gives us is the result of careful investigation, and entirely to be relied on. Education is represented by an article on the "Teaching of English," by Mark H. Lidell. This article is worthy of special study. There is also a notable article on "Greek Tragedy," by Thomas Dwight Goodell. Science is represented by an article on the "Evolution of Satellites," by C. H. Darwin—not to be overestimated. Articles for the fireside are a "Nook in the Alleghenies," by our old friend, Bradford Torrey; "A Florida Farm," by F. Whitmore, and "The Holiday Evening," a delicious bit of writing by Harriet Louis Bradley. The stories are all good.

The University Publishing Company of New York, Boston and New Orleans, have come as near as possible to fulfilling their own motto of furnishing "the best reading for the greatest number at the least cost." It is a real problem how we can possibly resurrect and make popular once more, the old authors who rank highest in quality, and whose works constitute the real literature of the English language. That these are not read as they should be, and are crowded aside by transient stuff intensifies the problem. It is a fact that people in the present age of literary deluges have not the time to keep up with current events, current literature, and at the same time sustain an acquaintance with the true masters of the literary art. For this reason we are compelled to look with more satisfaction on the cutting down of our old friends, the works of Kingsley, George Eliot, Bulwer, Dickens, and even Walter Scott. However, most of the volumes placed before us are not abridgments at all. The paper and print are both excellent; the editing is beyond criticism; and the selection of works and authors is most admirable. The following additions to the list indicate not only what is to come, but what has been done. Shortly will appear "Pilgrim's Progress," with notes by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Jr.; "Black Beauty"; "The Yemassee"; Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" And these are soon to be followed by "Silas Marner"; "The Last Days of Pompeii"; "Dutchman's Fireside"; "Cosette"; "Tour Around the World in Eighty Days"; "Three Musketeers," and "Swiss Family Robinson." The binding and paper is nearly as good as cloth binding, for it is heavy, with cloth backs. I have seen nowhere such admirable introductions, historical notes, and other explanatory adjunct to our best literature. These introductions in some cases are essays on poetry and poetic form, not to be equaled by anything of the kind found elsewhere. If you wish to find a fine example of first-rate editing, pick up "Enoch Arden" and read the introduction.

The Sunday School.

The Hermit-Monk.

Love once grew in a Hermit's heart,
  Love that was born of a waking dream,
Love of a maiden of beauty rare,
  Filling his cell with its wanton gleam.

The Hermit he racked his weary brain
  For a powerful drug of a deadly hue,
That would stifle forever this growing love,
  Though it stifle forever his poor life, too.

Yet he sought his chapters from A to Z,
  And he pondered deep in his Hermit's lore;
But naught could he find that would bring relief
  To his aching heart, in its trouble sore.

So, finally out of his cell he crept,
  And wended his way to the nearest town,
To ask of the Brethren what to do,
  When love crept under the cowl and the gown.

But the Brethren shook their hoary heads,
  And they hemmed and hawed in a learned way,
And they thought of this, and they thought of that,
  But naught that would drive the fiend away.

And the learned Brethren hemmed and hawed,
  And shook their heads o'er his soul's disgrace,
Till the poor old Hermit trembled with awe
  For fear he should never regain their grace.

Just then the Cardinal chanced to arrive,
  And he found the Priests in their grave discourse,
So he heard the tale to its bitter end,
  With a twinkling eye at the soul's remorse.

Then he placed his hand on the culprit monk,
  While the trembling Brethren crowded near,
And the awe-struck Hermit seem to wait
  His doom, from the lips of the ancient seer.

My Brother, the Cardinal murmured low,
  You must go to the village yon, and work,
In a busy life of both heart and mind,
  That day dream Phantom will never lurk.

Leave the dreary cell on yonder plain
  (As a foe well known, is a foe disarmed),
Do God's own work 'mid the suffering hoard,
  And your honest soul shall ne'er be harmed.

MARGERY ALLIS NORRIS.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO. REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XVIII. INDIA—ZOROASTRIANISM.

The first great Protestant movement of history was a recoil from Brahmanism. It arose somewhere in the North, probably in Persia. Spitama Zarathushtra, better known as Zoroaster, "the most shadowy of all religious teachers," was a sort of Hindoo Moses, a Protestant of the order of Luther, a man who rebelled against the tyranny of form, the endless prayers and hymns and ceremonies of the Brahmanic religion. He said, "The Lord of heaven takes no delight in such things." He taught the people to give up their nomadic life and settle down to agriculture and the arts of peace. His date has been placed at different periods, ranging all the way from 600 to 6000 B. C. It is probably safe to place him somewhere previous to 1000 B. C. Not a fact is known with regard to his life. His father's name is said to have been Spitama, and there is a legendary allusion to a daughter, but it is assuming a great deal to have a positive opinion of any sort with regard to his life. We know him only by the shadow that he casts. He came to protest against the frills and furbelows of the priesthood. He said, "All is vexation and vanity, your tithing of anise and cummin, and your sticking to texts and neglecting the weightier matters of the law.

The religion which grew up around his teachings and traditions was the most ethical of all the old religious systems. It was founded on a belief in the dualism of nature, and taught that the world was a great battle-ground for the powers of good and evil, with the chances in favor of the good. There were two gods, Ahura-Mazda, or Ormuzd, representing the divine power, and Ary-Manya, or Ahriman, the malign power, answering pretty well to the Christian conception of God and the devil. The practical conclusion was that the devil will be beaten and driven from the earth, but everybody must take sides in the conflict. This was too simple a system to be true, but was a great improvement over the degenerated Brahmanism which it came to supersede. The Parsis, as the followers of the new religion came to be called, used fire as the emblem of Deity, and it became characteristic of their worship, hence the name of Fire-worshipers.

The great body of literature which grew up around this religion is called the Zend-Avesta. Like the sacred books of the Brahmans, it is a recent find to the European world, and the story of its discovery is a thrilling one.

About the beginning of the last century, George Bourchier, an English scholar, while visiting in Sûrat, obtained from some Parsi priests a manuscript collection of prayers and hymns used by them in their religious ceremonies. This was placed in the Oxford library, and other manuscripts of the same nature were added, until the collection was believed to be nearly complete.

There was, however, one drawback to its value—nobody could read it. A facsimile of four pages from one of these books was published. It found its way to Paris, where it caught the eye of Anquetil Duperron, an enthusiastic young student, then scarcely twenty-two years old. "I at once resolved," he says, "to endow my country with this peculiar piece of literature." To do this, it was necessary to go to Asia. Without the knowledge of his family, he enlisted in the service of the French East India Company, which was just about to send out a shipload of new recruits, intending thus to steal his passage and then desert. When he reached L'Orient, his point of embarkation, he was met by his friends, who brought him an honorable discharge and a promise of a small pension from the government—let it be said to the lasting credit of the French nation. He sailed in 1755, and was absent seven years. He sought the aid of some Parsi priests, and through their instruction gained a sufficient acquaintance with the ancient sacred language, in which the books were written, to enable him to read the Parsi Scriptures, more or less correctly. He hastened to Oxford and spent the next nine years in translating the sacred books, which he called the Zend-Avesta, and which he published in 1771—"monument at once of a great achievement and a great failure." His rendering is full of inaccuracies, as he had been in many cases misled by his Parsi teachers, but it furnished the impulse which eventually led to another and more correct translation. His work met with severe criticism by Sir William Jones and other scholars of his time. He died under a cloud, but subsequent students have vindicated his memory and given him his true place among the heroes of culture.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—There is no such thing as deep insight into the mystery of creation, without integrity and simplicity of character.
MON.—Before genius is manliness, and before beauty is power.
TUES.—Childhood is a world by itself, and we often get some of the best touches of nature from children when they speak frankly out of it.
WED.—There is no grace like the grace of strength.
THURS.—Beauty is an experience of the mind, and must be preceded by the conditions, just as light is an experience of the eye, and sound of the ear.
FRI.—Nature is perpetual transition. Everything passes and presses on; no pause, no completion, no explanation.
SAT.—The workmanship of a man can never rise above the level of his character. *John Burroughs.*

What Is, Is Best.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere some time punished,
Though the hour be long delayed;
I know the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But what is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is, is best.

—*American Youth.*

Our Birds and their Ways.

Where I live, with groves on either hand, and intervening orchards and shrubbery, it is a real bird's paradise. Here they are seldom molested, and here they love to live and sing. In fact, all southern Illinois is a bird's paradise. I doubt if there is another region on the globe so beloved by the birds.

To me the mocking-birds are the dearest of all. One spring a pair located in a pine tree near my home, and while the quiet little mother bird built the nest and brooded patiently on the eggs the male spent his time singing. He was the finest singer I ever heard. I wouldn't have taken a thousand dollars for him. His favorite perch was on the barn, where he would sit and sing for hours. Sometimes he became so filled with ecstacy he would flutter up into the air a few feet and then sink tremulously down, all the while pouring forth a bewildering medley of sweet trills and notes. At such times he appeared to have no more weight than a flake of down. Nor did he sing in the daytime only, but for hours and hours at night. He sang till he grew tired and his voice became weak, but he would not give it up on that account, he still sang on as best he might, in a low, plaintive tone. They came the firstof April and it was June ere the young ones were hatched. When that event happened the male was so interested in it that he forgot to sing for several days.

The catbird is a fine singer too, but he is a stingy, jealous sort of fellow, and if he notices anyone listening he will leave off singing, squall hatefully and dive into a bush. Another kind, called the royal mocker, cares not who hears, but pours forth his melody freely for all.

The end of June pretty well closes out the bird concerts, and during the long, hot days of July and August little can be heard from them save an occasional chattering among the trees. The mocking-birds usually go south in autumn, though sometimes one lingers throughout the entire winter, hiding in the thickets of briars, and occasionally trilling a low, sad song. I have wondered if they are birds whose mates have perished, leaving them lonely and forlorn, yet faithful to the one whose fate they cannot understand. They may be waiting and watching for one who will never return. Who knows?

The bluejays think they own the place. They are interesting birds, especially in the winter, for they stay the year round. But sometimes they get almost to boisterously impudent to bear with. I can put up with them pretty well till they set out to drive the mockers away, and then I sometimes interfere.

Thus the cheery birds fill the air with their sweet melodies, and live their happy lives while the long, bright summer days creep away. There is quite a colony of them at our place, mocking-birds, catbirds, robins, jays, martins, swallows, and kingbirds around the house, and larks, sparrows, and ground-birds in the fields. The crows, from the neighboring groves, look on this pleasant scene with envious eyes, and I can tell why,—it is forbidden ground to them. A crow is like some boys—where he is forbidden to go, there he wants to go most. It is forbidden ground because the different members of the colony, like the Greek States, while forever quarreling and squabbling among themselves, unite against a common enemy, and this is what the crow is to them. The crows know what it means to run the gauntlet of that combination of sharp beaks and claws, but the temptation is too great to be always resisted, and occasionally one tries it. He is never allowed to alight till he finds refuge in the opposite forest, a tattered and miserable bird.

The jays, who are forever hopping about and into everything, always see the crow first, and set out after him with a great outcry. I have noticed, however, that they do little harm to the crow beyond frightening him with their loud screams. Their cries arouse other members of the colony, the catbirds, martins, etc., and they, too, go after Mr. Crow, making him wish he had never started on that venture. His worst enemy is the kingbird, who goes to his mark like an arrow shot from a bow, and tears out black feathers without mercy, sending the crow to cover, screaming with pain. Though the jays are the first in, they are also the first out, for as soon as the other birds enter the chase they sail serenely back to their shady haunts and are devouring cherries while the others pursue the poor crow far into the distance, returning long after, weary with the fierce struggle.

MAYLON JONES.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Written for the Ordination of George Eliot Cooley.

Light of Light, great World Soul! Life of Life, our Father!
Purify thy people as we pledge ourselves to Thee,
That Thy inbreathed word, through all souls ever calling,
With finer clearness shall ring full and free.

Oft' we see but darkly Thy truth's hand of guidance;
Thou dost try us not, O God, by clouded lights of creeds!
Father, guard our building of the soul's fair temple,
Prove us by its white walls of holy deeds!

Father, come we praying! Give us of Thy spirit,
Folding 'round the universe eternal arms of love!
Stretch our hand of fellowship to each soul that seeks Thee,
For truth is one in rock or skies above.

Father, we would love and work, self-meed forgetting;
In a psalm of service may our lives arise to Thee,
Giving to some wayworn heart higher hopes, thoughts nobler!
This be our heav'n, our aim unendingly!

—*Florence Ledyard Cross.*

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—An interesting feature of the Easter service in the Unitarian church here was a fine memorial address upon the late Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, by Judge W. D. Harriman. At few places is the death of Dr. Allen so much felt as here, where he was pastor for a year before the coming of Mr. Sunderland. He very much endeared himself to the Ann Arbor people. One of the interesting incidents of the last annual meeting of the church, in January, was the reading of a letter from Dr. Allen, in which he gave some encouragement that he might visit us soon. Mr. Sunderland has just returned from [illegible] during which [illegible] in India in Cleveland, Pittsburg (three lectures), and Meadville (nine lectures). The pulpit here was filled during his absence by Prof. N. P. Gilman, of Meadville. Besides preaching, Professor Gilman gave a lecture in the Unity Club Course on "Profit Sharing," and read a paper before the Philosophical Society of the university on "The Social Organism," all of which made a strong impression and were much enjoyed. The Young People's Religious Union here is going forward as prosperously as ever. The large number of young people that attend every Sunday evening, from 6:30 to 7:30 P. M., are so much interested that it is hard to confine the meeting to its allotted hour.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.—In the face of rain downpouring there were thirty-nine who gathered in the Unitarian church at six o'clock on Easter morning. Each Easter for twenty-one years this sunrise service has been held, and a great many clustering memories cause many to look upon this as indeed a "holy hour." Several were received into the church at this time. The combined services of the church and Sunday School in the forenoon, and the musical vesper service, were greatly enjoyed by a large gathering of children and parents. One babe was christened, and six adults received into church membership. The orchestra and chorus-choir made Gounod's "Praise Ye the Father" really inspiring, and the orchestral numbers, including, among others, Mozart's Gloria in Excelsis, Gloria from Haydn's Bb Mass, Farmer's Mass, added greatly to the uplifting power of the services. Rev. J. L. Douthit gave the "charge" to those who were confirmed, and at the evening services Rev. Robert Douthit spoke of "The Resurrection of Mary Magdalene." The flowers used in the decoration served to bring a gleam of Easter joy and light into the homes of those who, by reason of sickness and the weather, were unable to attend any Easter services.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The local paper gives extended account of the beautiful Easter service at this place. The evening program was rendered unique by the readings of the pastor, of Walter G. Smith's "Self Exiled," and George Eliot's "Stradivarius." His morning topic was "The Birthday of Life" or "Why Seek Ye the Living Among the Dead."

JANESVILLE, WIS.—Our old friend, J. O. M. Hewitt, recently of Luverne, Minn., has been preaching at this point, and arrangements have been made for a Sunday night service by Mr. Simonds, of Madison. All this preliminary to the settlement of a new minister in due time.

IDA GROVE, IA.—We are sorry to learn that Miss Mary F. Collson, the earnest young pastor of this vigorous movement, is obliged to temporarily retire, from overwork. Miss Safford has been preaching there. The movement at Ida Grove has in it possibilities of great usefulness on broadest lines. During a recent visit to this place, it seemed to us as though here is a fine chance for what began in a protest against intolerable creeds to grow into an emphasis of neighborhood needs, village culture, and the religious life of the people. Here the word is synthesis and not analysis, union and not antagonism.

GENEVA, ILL.—Another generation has come and gone since the "Man in Earnest," Missionary Conant, gave up his life in working for the soldiers in the war for freedom and union, but it was only the other day that his faithful wife, Mrs. Betsy Merriam Conant, closed her eyes in death in the eightieth year of her age at Rockford. Timothy Harold Eddowes, one of Mr. Conant's successors in the Geneva pulpit, spoke tender memorial words in the old pulpit.

WESTERN UNITARIAN ANNIVERSARIES.—May 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 1898, Third Unitarian Church, Monroe Street and Kedzie Avenue, Chicago.

CALENDAR.

Sunday, May 15th, 8:00 P. M., Dedication of the Third Unitarian Church.

Monday, May 16th, 8:00 P. M., Conference Sermon.

Tuesday, May 17th, 10:00 A.M., Business Session of Western Conference. 12:00 M., Devotional Meeting. 2:00 P. M., Annual Meeting of Western Unitarian Sunday School Society. 8:00 P.M., Installation of Rev. F. C. Southworth.

Wednesday, May 18th, 10:00 A. M., "Symbolism in Religious Education." 12:00 M., Devotional Meeting. 2:00 P.M., "The Place of Jesus in Modern Religious Thought." 3:30 P. M., Final Business Meeting of the Conference. 8:00 P. M., Address by Rev. M. J. Savage.

Thursday, May 19th, Ministers' Institute at Hull Memorial Chapel.

The Publisher's Corner.

From a physician in North Dakota: "To my mind THE NEW UNITY is now sounding the clearest note in spiritual affairs discernible in the present theological confusion of tongues. I send herewith my subscription, paid in advance."

From an Indiana woman: "I sometimes think that life's pathway leads mostly over the dark and boggy places, but if I can get THE NEW UNITY there will be sunshine enough to keep me from freezing. I cannot live happily without it."

From a Pennsylvania subscriber: "I intended to renew my subscription as soon as it expired. How else can I show my appreciation of, and interest in, a paper which to me is strengthening, uplifting, ennobling, and refining? I have tried to get other subscribers, and will continue to try, but a paper which stands for freedom, fellowship, and character in religion finds it hard work to get a foothold here."

For the National Liberal Congress

And the Iowa Liberal Congress, to be held at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in April, the Chicago & North-Western offers superior

advantages in the way of six through express trains daily, both from the east and from the west. The equipment is first-class in every particular, consisting of drawing-room sleeping cars, buffet library cars, free reclining chair cars, and dining cars, in which meals are served "a la carte." All agents sell tickets via the North-Western line, or apply to any agent of that company.

"The People are Hungry

For just such literature as THE NEW UNITY contains," was the expression used by one of our oldest subscribers, a few days since, when in to pay up her subscription. "I always mail my copy to a friend who lives in Peoria, after I have read it." It may be that you know of some person (or a dozen, or a hundred) who are hungry for such literature. If so, send us their names and addresses and we will gladly send them sample copies free.

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Mr. Powell has a third book in press at the Putnam's, New York, to be out in September or October. It is a history of the six different attempts at Nullification or Secession in the United States during the XIX century. Its object is to help create a national, in place of a sectional, spirit. We shall have it for sale as soon as out of press.

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An Invitation

The Illinois Liberal Congress of Religion

Springfield, May 12 and 13, 1898

THE Illinois State Congress which was organized at Streator, in 1895, and subsequently met at Freeport and Aurora will convene this year at Springfield. The opening session will be held Wednesday evening, May 12, and three meetings are planned for Thursday, May 13. The Congress will convene at the State Capitol.

A good program is assured, the details of which will be published hereafter. Local arrangements are in charge of Rev. Joseph Leiser, who will gladly furnish any information regarding hotel accommodations, etc.

We herewith cordially invite all the societies which have previously affiliated with us and all other societies which are in sympathy with this movement to send delegates, and we urgently solicit the attendance of all Ministers and Laymen who rejoice in the fraternization of the sects and who are zealous for the promotion of the universal truths common to all religions. We assure every one of a fraternal welcome, a hearty greeting, and a free platform.

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"I Had a Friend!"
A Cup of Cold Water.
Wrestling and Blessing.

By J. Ll. J.

Faithfulness.
Tenderness.
The Seamless Robe.
The Divine Benediction.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains sentences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

A BOOK TO HELP ONE LIVE.—"The Faith That Makes Faithful" is a stimulus to the drooping spirit and tired body. Its lines are encouraging to those whose cares and offices are not without alloy, and they are excellent reading for all who have or wish to have a purpose in life. The opening chapter is entitled "Blessed be Drudgery," and the thought therein tends to strengthen one in performing the thousand little things in life's pathway and make them light, that we are accustomed to look upon as grinding drudgery. There are chapters on faithfulness, tenderness, divine benediction, etc. The style is spirited and spiritual, and it is not only a volume for goodly reading, but one that will help us live for purpose and right. It is a collaborate production of Messrs. William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The best evidence of its acceptance by the public and its merit is the fact that it has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.—*Books.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL is the happy title of a volume of eight sermons by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. They are discourses entirely devoid of theological significance, and written from the standpoint of ethical and practical teachers, unembarrassed by any of the conventionalities of the popular theology. The discourses are of a high order of excellence, so far as literary form is concerned, and well calculated to help and encourage the reader to make life fruitful, trustful, and blessed. "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, and "Tenderness" and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones, are the discourses which have most impressed us, but all are worthy of thought and personal application. The little volume is a very choice addition to our Western sermon literature.—*Universalist.*

FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. Sermons preached by Revs. W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Alfred C. Clark of Chicago has just issued a brochure which contains eight sermons, four being preached by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "Blessed be Drudgery," "I Had a Friend," "A Cup of Cold Water," and "Wrestling and Blessing," and the other four by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "Faithfulness," "Tenderness," "The Seamless Robe," and "The Divine Benediction." Thees discourses are of an ennobling, purifying character, full of beautiful sentiment and rich in pathetic incidents that will stir the tenderest emotions. After reading this little work one cherishes a kindlier, gentler feeling for all humanity, and if he is not made better by the chaste and holy spirit that pervades the book he must surely be insensible to the pleading of virtue, and the joy that comes from correct living and the hope of a bright and happy future.

The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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PROGRAM

IOWA LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

TO BE HELD AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, APRIL 26, 27, and 28, 1898.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—By H. W. Thomas, D. D., President of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.
Address—Mary A. Safford, Pastor of Unity Church, Sioux City.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.
MRS. ADAH VAN VECHTEN, Presiding.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service — Conducted by Charles Graves, Pastor of Unity Church, Humboldt.

9:30 a. m.—"Some Causes of Modern Unbelief."—N. S. Sage, D. D., Pastor of All Souls Church (Universalist), Charles City.

10:15 a. m.—"Optimism, as Vindicated by the Existence of the Hero-heart."—Arthur M. Judy, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Davenport.

11:00 a. m.—"An Expurgated Christianity."—Sophie Gibb, Pastor of First Universalist Church of Boone.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding Papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service—Conducted by John Mulholland, Pastor of the Independent Universalist Church, Iowa Falls.

9:30 a. m.—"Women's Clubs and the Church."—Mrs. Emma Van Vechten, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Cedar Rapids.

10:00 a. m.—"The Church and Young Men."—P. M. Harmon, D. D., Pastor of the Independent Church, Spring Valley, Minn.

10:30 a. m.—Paper—"Higher Ethical Standards for the Home and Social Life." Rev. Mary Girard Andrews, Omaha, Neb.

11:00 a. m.—"Reciprocity: What a Church can do for a Community; What a Community can do for a Church." Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Waterloo.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest times, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pines or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfill thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

—SAM'L LONGFELLOW

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—"Unity and Co-operation."—Chas. E. Perkins, Pastor of the Congregational Church of Keosauqua.

2:30 p. m.—A Free Parliament for the discussion of this subject, and enlarging into a general discussion of the kindred one, "The Fraternity of the Sects: What can we each contribute to the Spiritual Elevation of our Time?"

4:00 p. m.—"The Ideal Reformer."—Amos Crum, D. D., State Superintendent of Universalist Churches, Webster City.

RECESS.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Edmund M. Vittum, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Grinnell.

After the sermon, a reception will be tendered to the people from abroad by the membership of the Universalist Society.

"A Word of Welcome."—C. D. Van Vechten, Cedar Rapids.

"A Word in Response."—Ida C. Hultin, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Moline, Ill.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.
HON. JOHN M. REDMOND, Mayor of Cedar Rapids, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—Address—"The Evils of Hasty and Unconsidered Legislation." Hon. J. H. Funk, Speaker House Representatives, Iowa Falls.

2:30 p. m.—"Poverty as a Social Factor."—A. G. Wilson, Pastor of Unity Church, Decorah.

3:00 p. m.—"A Cure for Poverty."—Prof. Hiram B. Loomis, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

3:45 p. m.—"The Contribution of Judaism to Civilization."—Jos. Stolz, Rabbi Isaiah Congregation, Chicago.

4:30 p. m.—"The Public School as a Teacher of Morals and Patriotism."—O. J. Laylander, Superintendent Schools, Cedar Falls.

RECESS.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor of All Souls Church, and Secretary of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.

"The Concluding Word."—Thomas B. Gregory, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

RAILROADS Cedar Rapids may be reached by The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, The Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Illinois Central Railways. The exercises will be held in the Universalist Church, corner Third Avenue and Sixth Street, three blocks away from the Union Station. Reception Committee will be found at the church. For further particulars, inquire of the Local Secretary, J. H. PALMER, 520 Eighth Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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JUDGE BALDWIN of Indiana, writes a long review in which he says: "Mr. Powell has made a distinct and valuable contribution to our history. The book is full of profound and suggestive thoughts, and no one can rise from its perusal any more than from that other book, 'Our Heredity from God,' without new ideas and increased respect for its author's ability and industry."

EX-GOVERNOR HOYT, chairman of the committee of one hundred on the National University, writes: "The volume should be read by all Americans. The time has come when the whole broad question of difference between North and South should be justly dealt with, and you have bravely and handsomely led the way."

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LYON G. TYLER, president of William and Mary College, writes: "I am much gratified at the great amount of judicial nvestigation, so different from the old partisan spirit."

The *Outlook* says: "Nullification and Secession in the United States is a book to be read."

The *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, says: "There is neither partisanship nor sectionalism in the book. Mr. Powell states that his purpose is to write as an American, and not as a Northerner of the six attempts at nullification and secession in the United States. He has succeeded in this endeavor. Mr. Powell has made a valuable contribution to history."

PROF. JANES of Cambridge, Mass., writes: "I could not lay it down until I had finished it."

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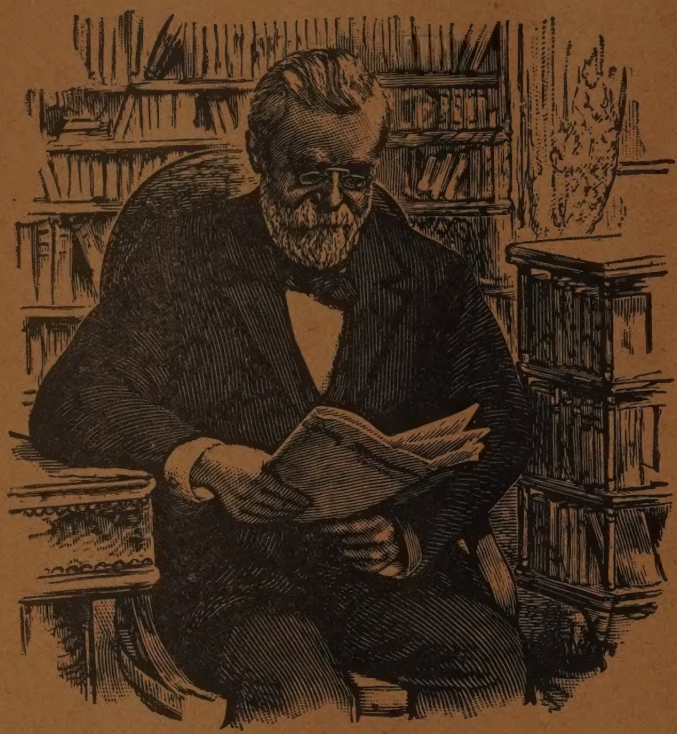

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